

UPSTAIRS BULLETIN

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An Educational Group

Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't it ain't. That's logic.

-Lewis Carroll.

Because we are in no position to buck money, the Tribune and dubious public taste, we have cancelled what was to be two performances at St. Alphonsus, December 17th and 19th. A later date will be announced. In the meantime the rehearsals for "Alice in Wonderland" will continue and at this point it appears like we will have an excellent cast. MAGGIE SMITH and CYNTHIA BENSON will alternate in the part of Alice. MARK TRUDEAU will be the White Rabbit. JOHN RAMPAGE, the Mad Hatter, MORAG MAC KENZIE, the Dormouse and the Tweedles will more than likely be ANDREW SCHULTZ and JEREMY POLLACK. Most of the other parts will be double cast. Rehearsals began during the Summer Course when we were at our busiest. Most of the older pupils tramped off to that Island off the east coast of America and all with the exception of KAREN TIMS are back in Chicago. JORENE HOLAS and LAUREN ROUSE left recently and it is hoped they will be lucky and find something to keep them there. The Summer classes were pleasant with plenty of fresh, eager students to interest us. In the way of news - JOSEPH KAMINSKI has left the local scene for San Jose, California right after the Interlochen season. ELIZABETH WINEBERG was in during the summer for a visit and has again disappeared into the world. STEVE PRIMIS turned up in Alaska and is teaching ballet there. PAT & LINDA HEIM were also in shortly before we left for Europe. The new MRS. HEIM, a singing actress, is a charmer. Both the BRUCE MC CALEB'S and JAMES MOORE'S added another boy to their families during June. MARI JEAN PENDOLA took the fatal leap during September. JOHN WIDMER spent the summer dancing in Indianapolis and visited here before returning to New York. We were sorry to hear that the CHAUNCE CONKLINS

had separated recently. Fall classes opened up September 4th with classes 95% full the first day. There will be a showing of our Slides taken this summer in Portugal, Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia and London on Sunday, October 10th in the late afternoon.

VACATION TIME.

We need travel enough to give our intellects an airing.

- Thoreau.

On our vacation this year our intellects were certainly well aired and our legs well exercised. Traveling by air, limousine, bus, train and boat through five countries, twelve cities and visiting fourteen churches, sixteen museums and two great gardens, you can understand how both our minds and bodies were in constant action.

Flying up through Chicago's murky air into an opaque atmosphere dotted with white clouds resembling dumplings, now and then, one could get only a gleam of life under that sea of gases. Once upon a time one could see blue sky when flying but seldom today. Approaching New York a violent electrical storm was in progress below, so we circled for what seemed an eternity and in the end had to land in Pittsburgh for refueling. Six hours later we were in New York and told by TWA that another plane had been sent to Lisbon. Two hours later after a great deal of temper and evasive TWA employees, we were housed for the night in the International Hotel. Every two minutes all night long jets shot over the roof of the hotel spewing gases down on us. On the pleasant side we had phone conversations with Bill Maloney and Jim Moore the next day.

The following evening we were actually on Flight 908 for Lisbon and had a smooth flight of six hours. We had hardly had dinner and a short catnap when the sun was up and we were landing in Lisbon's bright clean air. We traveled by limousine along that gorgeous coast line to Estoril to our

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hotel the Estoril Sol. With one day already lost in our favorite spot on earth we walked through its quaint streets admiring the beautiful houses and gardens. The flowers here are very special. The morning glories and bougainvillea climbing over houses and up through pines, golden to burnt orange marigolds, vivid red Transvaal daisies, asters and gigantic hygrangeas, pink and crimson hibiscus and the opposites of blues agapanthus and plumbago, all seem to grow in natural profusion. The gardeners are constantly changing the beds with fresh plants with no thought of design or color.

A full moon shining on our balcony overlooking the pounding waves on the walled sea shore was great for sleeping. Our stay over much too soon, we were up at 7 AM driving towards Lisbon with a spectacular sunrise to join our tour through Spain. Most of that day was through the Portugese countryside which gave one an idea of the industriousness of these people. Eeking a living out of soil and climate very much against them. Time has found crops suitable to the soil and climate and they seem to be mostly cork, olives, sunflowers, castor beans, various grains and a great quantity of Eucalyptus trees.

Our tour entered Spain at Badajos, a city once famous for many heroic episodes in the Peninsular wars. Now, a quiet town surrounded by dismantled fortifications. Our first day of driving through lush Spanish farmland found us 12 hours later in our Seville Hotel, dead tired and hungry.

Seville, birthplace of Velazquez and Murillo, is one of the most characteristic of Spanish cities, rich in imposing buildings and countless works of art. Its Cathedral is the largest Gothic Church in the world and boasts the resting place of Christopher Columbus. Entering the grey twilight of its interior one is impressed by the sombre grandeur of its towering, massive columns and the great works of art in the various Chapels. Most impressive was Murillo's "St. Anthony of Padua's vision of the Holy Child". The kneeling figure of St. Anthony had been cut out and stolen in 1874 and later recovered in New York and is now skillfully replaced.

Seville's second most important building is the Alcazar, a monument of Moorish art, with its profuse arabesque decoration and its lovely garden. It is a charming and romantic place but somewhat inferior to the Alhambra in Granada.

I especially liked the quaint Bull Fighter's Church dedicated to the Virgin De la Esperanza Macarena and its fabulous museum of Bull Fighters' costumes, capes and other religious relics. The largest of these takes 48 men to carry through the streets on religious fiestas.

We left Seville in a horrendous rain and hail storm that continued through out the day. But it was pleasant and cool driving through the fertile farmland growing cotton, sunflowers, sugar beets, olives, citrus fruits, cork and huge herds of cattle. The roadsides were littered with dreadful accidents of overturned busses and cars. At Jerez we visited the Sandaman Wine Plant and after the tour of the plant was served a cold lunch and samples of all their wines and upon leaving, each person was given a bottle of their favorite. At Algeciras, in sight of Gibraltar we had our only bad meal of the tour, and at seven that evening we pulled into Torremolinos. Our Hotel, the Rievera, collapsed two days later killing and injuring many people. Torremolinos is a popular seaside resort, attractive but over rated and crowded.

From here to Granada we had a greuling five hour trip up over the Sierra Nevada Mountains on a winding road. These barren mountains, not beautiful, but interesting because where trees had never grown before now were being forested with young trees, pines, cork and olives. Dry land farming began in Spain years ago and now on these dry slopes and valleys there are great fields of onions, sugar beets, tobacco, cane, artichokes, sunflowers, almonds, peanuts, figs and cottonwood trees for paper. I never found out why so many groves of Eucalyptus because there were too many for medicinal purposes only. Our guide told us after the revolution the large estates were broken up and divided among the people and they must pay for the land in produce- not money- hence they must work and the results are evident. Streams and rivers

are dried up which used to irrigate what seems to be impossible places.

Granada, city of golden glow, crepe myrtle and roses, is an ancient city situated on the slopes and at the foot of three low mountain spurs which descend into broad and fertile plains. The city was the last hold of the Moors in Spain, and the proud possessor of the famed Alhambra, the culminating achievement of Moorish Art. Their Cathedral is a large and commanding edifice with a white interior and many exquisite alters, each more beautiful than the other. The Capella Real, a mausoleum for the Catholic Monarchs contains many paintings from the collections of Isabella. These paintings are mainly from the Flemish school of painting and one finds Memling and Van der Weyden represented and with one lone Botticelli "Christ in the Garden".

The Alhambra in Granada overshadows everything in Spain and words are futile in explaining its unique beauty. The severe and simple exterior gives no idea of the graceful and fairy-like beauty of the interior designed as an abode for the Oriental Monarchs and their harems. Lovely garden courts open to sun and sky and the cool lofty apartments have delightful views through arched windows and doors. The richness and variety of the arches and the honeycomb ceilings is unbelievably beautiful. These Monarchs must have spent most of their time on their backs admiring these elegant cupolas. The Alhambra is an achievement in ornamentation and that mainly made with fragile materials such as wood and plaster. It is understandable why it took two centuries to build.

From the Alhambra we had pointed out to us the Gypsy caves on the nearby hillside. But as we left Granada on our way towards Puerto Lumbreras we passed many homes built into caves in the hillsides. Sometimes with elaborate entrances and all with television antennas and chimneys up through the earth above them. Many had adjoining garages and often with vegetable and flower gardens in the front yard. Our guide, Elena, said that their interiors were comfortable and well furnished but I wondered about the plumbing.

Our tour proceeded through Lumbreras, Alicante (the noisiest city on earth), and Gandia with the longest and cleanest beach I've ever seen. The flats before entering Valencia were vivid green rice fields. I was enchanted with Valencia from the start and while our stay was hurried, it left a deep impression on me. The city seems the least touched by the modern disease. What was thought to be a renaissance Cathedral was damaged by the Communists during the revolution and underneath they found that originally it had been a Gothic and was in the process of being restored. The windows in the tower are sheets of alabaster and give a lovely soft light to the interior. The high altar also is of alabaster and has two side paintings by Goya. In one of the Gothic niches is a remarkable agate cup with gold handles and jeweled bands was brought to the cathedral in 1437 where it was hidden during the Moorish invasion. It is said to be the Holy Grail itself. Valencia had an interesting Ceramic Museum where one could have spent many hours in rooms dedicated to local artists. A room was devoted to the opera singer Lucretia Bori and another to Vincent Ibanez the novelist. An interesting feature of the Museum was one devoted to humor which is a very special trait of the Spaniards.

From Valencia we drove through Tarragona to Barcelona. For a very large city it is a very lovely one with wide boulevards lined with gigantic scyamore trees and tempting shops. The city also has its very ancient Cathedral dating back to the Moors. This one was in a shambles of reconstruction but with jewel like stained glass windows, the only light in a very dark church. A tourist feature was the Spanish Village built on the occasion of the International Fair in 1929. It included typical regional architecture from different Spanish regions. The unbearable heat here kept us in our hotel which was filled with a large party of Arab Royalty. The women were completely covered with dark veils accompanied by duennas and separate from the men in public. The men in all their regalia dining with and honoring their Prince.

From Barcelona we flew to Milan and then went by train to Florence, another full days journey. No city on earth has such a rich background in history and art. The coloration of the city itself is captivating. One sees silver greys, dusty tans, yellows and pinks, with now and then something blue-green and over all the red tile of the rooftops. These colors are contrasted with the dark spikes of the cypress trees and the softer green and silver shades of the other foliage.

When a book can be written about Florence how do you write about it in a few paragraphs. Foremost is the life and art of Michelangelo whose name one hears in every church and building in the city. The city's most popular citizen is certainly his "David" and often you hear a tourist say they have come only to see him. One stands in awe before the unfinished "Pieta" in S. Maria del Fiore which he originally intended for his own tomb but destroyed it himself. Calcagni fitted the pieces together and had to add a few to make it complete. Then to find his "Bacchus" in the Museo Nazionale and the struggling "Captives" encased in marble in the Accademia. I was unprepared to see so many marvelous Donatello's and Cellini's in the Bargello. The two Donatello "St. Johns" are almost my favorites and somehow reminded me of Lehmbruck. Cellini's "Perseus" badly placed and unprotected in an open court along with many inferior statues. Good to see the real Bologna "Mercury" and Verrocchio's "David" and Donatello's "St. George".

One sees many beautiful reliefs in marble and metal such as the famous Ghiberti "Paradise Doors", Luca Della Robbia's enchanting children friezes and Donatello's dancing cherubs.

The churches are in themselves Museums having been designed by the famous architects of early Florence - Ghirlandaio, Brunelleschi and Michelangelo. All have original statues and great paintings tucked away in dusty corners. S. Maria del Fiore has Uccellos, Della Robbia, Donatello and Michelangelo's "Pieta". A small church by our hotel - the Ognissanto boasted Botticelli, Ghirlandaio and Andrea Del Sarto. Probably the most

interesting of all is S. Croce with its Giotto frescoes, and paintings by Vasari and Donatello. S. Lorenzo probably the oldest of all has lovely altar pieces by Lippi. S. Novello also with Lippis and several Masaccios. But the prize of all is really San Marcos Collection of Fra Angelica. They are wonderfully preserved and cared for and they alone are worth the trip to Italy to see.

Reluctantly we left Florence by train to Venice where we were to board the Jadrolinija, a Yugoslavian boat. We were passing up Venice this time having spent considerable time there on our last trip. But the next morning as our boat left it was a thrill to go out the Grand Canal past St. Marks and the Doges Palace into the Adriatic. It is truly a magnificent city. Except for the boat, which was anything but special, the voyage down the Adriatic past its 1700 islands was the top of our trip. The weather was perfect and the clean water was almost the same heavenly blue as the Aegean Sea. Stops were made at M. Losing and during the night at Zadar and Sibenik. At sunrise we entered the harbor of Split a splendid sight from the boat. Later in the morning we also stopped at Hvar and Korcula, two jewels set on the hill-sides near the harbor. At each stop great hoards of people got off and even greater hoards got on to go on to the next village.

We arrived at Dubrovnik late the next afternoon in time to eat dinner and dress to see the "Lindo" Yugoslavian Dance Group. They are handsome young people, excellently trained, well disciplined and gave a delightful display of their vigorous and colorful dances.

From our hotel balcony the next morning we had an enchanting view across the bay of Dubrovnik, known as the "pearl of Danlmatia". This old world pink and white city, with its sunwashed red tiled roofs is girdled by a massive stone wall. To walk its narrow marbled streets and around the top of the outer wall is to put oneself completely out of this unlovely modern world into a more serene period of time. It is truly caressed by time.

bled streets and around the top of the outer wall is to put oneself completely out of this unlovely modern world into a more serene period of time. It is truly caressed by time.

In the evening the birds would put on a show of their own. Especially the ciope which twitter and fly in playful formations up and down the water front at twilight. For about an hour each evening this bird, looking like a cross between a nightingale and a swallow, takes the stage and amuses itself and those who have the leisure or interest to watch them cavort.

Leaving Dubrovnik for the airport along the jagged coast with sapphire blue bays and dotted with pink and white mosaic villages was a sight that only the emotions could appreciate - words are helpless. Looking back from the bay of Zaton towards the Dubrovnik Archipelago at early sunrise was sheer poetry. The verdant ground covering of cypress, pines, patches of flowers and the typical Mediterranean shrub, Macchia, adds greatly to the general character of the landscape. If there is a heaven on earth, it must surely be here and a wonderful thing about Yugoslavia and its magnificent Adriatic coast is the Americans are welcome.

Next issue- London.